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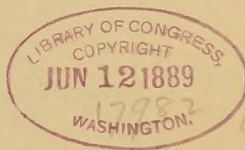




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# HAUNTS OF WHITTIER.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
LOUIS K. HARLOW.



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Birth-place  
near Haverhill, Mass.

But life  
shall on  
and upward go;  
Th' eternal step  
of Progress beats  
To that great anthem  
calm and slow  
Which God repeats.





For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy, —  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.







The

Old School-house  
Haverhill, Mass.

Of poetry, or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had,  
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted muse,  
A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
Sang, in a somewhat nasal whine,  
The wars of David and the Jews.







©With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
©As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.





The Poet's Study at  
Amesbury, Mass.

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about.





From gold to gray  
Our mild sweet day  
Of Indian summer fades too soon;  
But tenderly  
Above the sea  
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

John Greenleaf Whittier.









The Whittier House.  
Amesbury, Mass.

Bees hummed,  
birds twittered,  
overhead  
I heard the squirrels  
leaping;

The good dog listened while I read,  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

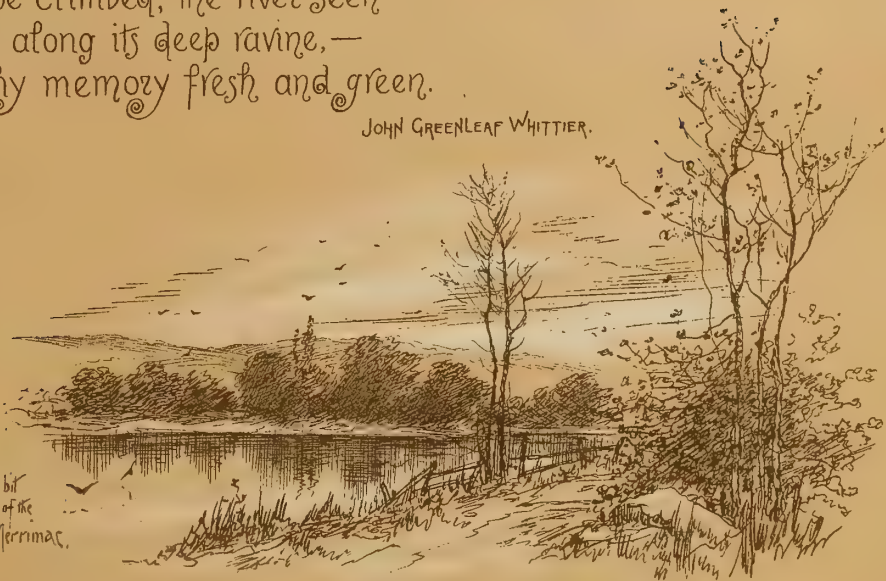


Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,—  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A bit  
of the  
Merrimac.



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